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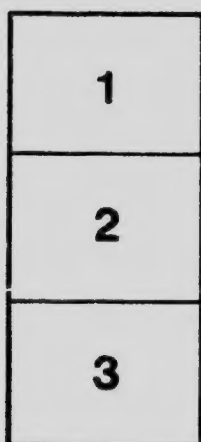
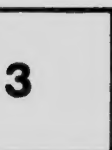
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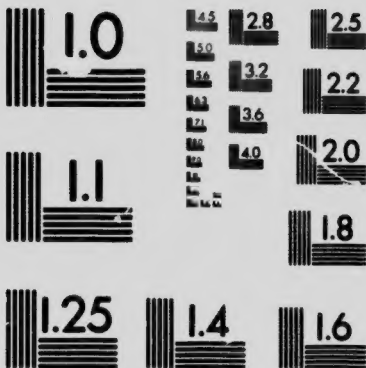
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The Premier's Reply

UNITED CHURCH
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BY
REV. JAMES L. GORDON, D.D.
Pastor Central Congregational Church
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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A FRIEND

THE PREMIER'S REPLY.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 21, 1914, Dr. Gordon gave the following answer to the question: "What do you think of Sir Rodmond's answer to the Temperance delegation?"

I am not going to answer that question this evening because I purpose preaching a special discourse on that particular subject; but I would like to make a few discriminating remarks concerning Sir Rodmond. Sir Rodmond possesses a character well worth studying. He is strong in his personality and exceedingly temperamental. He is unique in his style and interesting in his method.

Sir Rodmond talks like a man who has had his full share of public honors. He has squeezed the orange until there is no wine left in the rind. He has had his fill of perplexing problems and annoying situations. He is strong in his leadership and sure of his grip, but tired withal. Tired of criticisms, tired of delegations, tired of being withstood, tired of being misunderstood, tired of balancing this faction over against that—tired of his job. He talks as one who is ready to resign his commission—ready to relinquish high honors and seek the serene rest which belongs to one who has toiled hard for a long period. He has possessed all. He has nothing to risk. There is no reason why he should be over careful. He will speak his mind, offend whom it will. And for those who do not represent "votes," power, influence, rising sentiment and dangerous agitation, Sir Rodmond is apt to manifest a slight disposition to impatience, by a bold presentation of arguments which, for their force and power, depend more upon his own native genius than upon logical facts or a sound philosophy.

You cannot help liking Sir Rodmond. He is companionable. He is a man of many natural gifts. His business career has been successful. He is an orator of no mean ability. Few men on the continent of North America can handle an audience more skillfully. No crowd ever ran away with him. A suggestion of opposition sets him on fire. He would have made a great preacher. Sir Rodmond, as a Methodist preacher in the United States, would certainly have been created a bishop. He has presence, voice, grace, vocabulary, unction, force, and passion.

But Sir Rodmond's strongest gift is a genius for leadership. Select whom you will, but you will scarcely find his superior as a political leader. He knows which way the wind blows. He has his ear to the track. He has his finger on the public pulse. When there is "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees" he is aware of the fact and accordingly bestirs himself.

Sir Rodmond by temperament is a

conservative. He abhors change. He prefers the old chair, the old coat, the old shoe, the old servant, old friends and old ideas. I have not had many opportunities to converse with him, personally, but I imagine that he is opposed to direct legislation, woman's suffrage, single tax and other signs and symbols of political progressiveness. He worships at the altar of certain noble traditions enthroned in the history of a thousand years. New ideas, with an American tinge are anti-British. Sir Rodmond will have none of these.

Sir Rodmond is, unconsciously, an expert in psychology. He is a hypnotist. He does not put folks asleep; rather he puts them enrapt. You feel as though you would like to agree with him, even though you are convinced that he is, as the Christian Scientists would say, "in error." He possesses a blood earnestness, which, for all practical purposes, is better than sound reason. He speaks as positively as Talmage, the famous preacher, was prone, ever and anon, to claim: "I have received a revelation from the Almighty."

But our noble premier possesses a peculiar gift in the realm of hypnotism—he can hypnotize himself. He can persuade himself to believe what he wants to believe. He can turn on the electrical current in one lobe of his brain and shut it off in the other. This particular gift would seem to induce a certain sort of mental one-sidedness. And to the premier, when in this mood, a small boy with a rum-filled tin can, hiding behind the black shadow of a barn door, would seem to be more dangerous than a dram drinking treating system enthroned in every village, town, and city in the province.

But the premier is honest about it. Absolutely sincere! He has not been in the Province of Manitoba for three decades without knowing a thing or two. Has he not a right to his own opinion, when it is his own? Should he be silent simply because he is the premier of a province? He must be heard. He will be heard! He will risk his reputation for a conviction—and our gifted friend is so earnest about it all—seemingly so divinely inspired that we unwittingly exclaim: "How honest!" "How sincere!"

But Sir Rodmond's sincerity is usually in line and in harmony with public sentiment. Sir Rodmond is a splendid interpreter of public sentiment in the present tense; with a rather limited view of political possibilities in "the not far distant future." He has a keen eye for the eternal present and the everlasting now. You cannot deceive him as to how the people "feel." Sir Rodmond has his hand on the public pulse. What he doesn't know about public sentiment in Manitoba isn't worth knowing, and he acts in harmony with what he knows.

He knows that our temperance peo-

ple, from a political standpoint, are not dangerous. He knows that the good people of the province re the liquor traffic are sound asleep. He knows that the liquor interest is in league with the church. He knows, or thinks he knows, that in the matter of help, influence and votes the temperance people cannot, or will not, "deliver the goods." And—he is not to be blamed overmuch for acting on his knowledge, for a politician without "votes" is as impotent as a general without an army.

There are thousands of temperance cranks who creak for months before the election day, but when the hour for action arrives they neither creak nor crank. In that hour principle and doctrine surrenders to prejudice and party spirit and when it comes to "a show of hands" the temperance saint is not there. I presume that that is the reason why neither party is over anxious for the "temperance vote." What the temperance party needs is a temperance vote, solid, stubborn and influential and that vote can only be secured by an agitation, fiery, fierce and persistent.

The temperance sentiment in Manitoba is strong. If that sentiment is once aroused the bar must go. To banish the bar and eliminate the treating system would reduce the sale of liquor, and its attendant evils, sixty-five per cent. The liquor dealers believe this if Sir Rond does not. Arouse that sentiment and turn every aroused conscience into a vote and party leaders, on both sides, will be tumbling over each other to court your favor and do your bidding.

At the present time we are simply playing with things. To head a delegation and go to the parliament, once a year, and ask for "a saving clause," may be necessary, but it marks time rather than progress. If the growth of restrictive legislation in Manitoba is to be measured by the progress made during the past ten years, it will take about one hundred years to make any radical change in the social drinking customs now in vogue. What we need is an upheaval; a whirlwind campaign for the revival of a social and moral consciousness. We need a revival of religion which will strike the ballot box.

We need a campaign, and campaigns cost money. Fifty thousand dollars, invested in men and literature would banish the bar in three years. What we need is the presence of the "specialist" whom the premier thought so much of as to compliment by a special reference when speaking to the delegation. "Billy" Sunday has wiped out the saloon in community after community in the Western States by evangelistic agitation, until the representatives of the liquor trusts have been amazed and puzzled beyond measure. We should procure our own "specialists" and concentrate them on Manitoba.

We will never win by quiet meas-

ures. Education precedes agitation, but we have had about all the education we need. The hour has come for scientific agitation. Up and at it! Make it warm for the home dynamiter. Strike till the iron is hot. Send a dozen consecrated firebrands through the province. Turn your neglected petition, with twenty thousand names, into twenty thousand subscribers for "The Statesman." Set the prairie grass on fire. Hold up the liquor trust magnate to the light. Blister his business and blast his social standing. You can do it.

We must have money. The money is in the church and can be secured. Let it once be understood that we are in for a fight and the money will be forthcoming. You need ten sane temperance evangelists in the field; and there are ten men in Winnipeg who will take an evangelist apiece and supply all the ammunition necessary. There are scores of men who will go into a big thing who have no use for half-way measures. This is my opinion, take it for what it is worth.

The Day When Everything Goes Wrong.

Text XXXV., 5: "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him."

"The Day When Everything Goes Wrong," is the day when your philosophy of life breaks down. Such a tragedy calls for a mental reconstruction. Nervousness is a sign of nervelessness and indicates a mental disorder rather than a physical disarrangement. The problem is psychological. The disease is mental. The man has lost control of the reins of life's forces, because he has lost the focus of things. Wrong thinking is the mother of wrong doing. Right thinking is the secret of right living. Right reasoning is the remedy for all ills which are human. God governs the rock by gravitation, the tree by a natural law, the animal by instinct and man by reason.

Reasoning is a mental process which results in a certain type of mind, therefore we read in the Great Book concerning those who are "spiritually-minded," "carnally-minded," "high-minded," "sober-minded," "feeble-minded," "single-minded," and "double-minded." You can be whatever you have a mind to be. There is one person you must learn to manage—Yourself. You can train your eye to see—ask the artist. You can train your ear to hear—ask the musician. You can train your hand to construct—ask the mechanic. You can train your voice to emphasize—ask the orator. You can train your face to reveal—ask the actor. You can train your nerve to obey—ask the tight-rope walker—Ten thousand admiring observers remark, and affirm that he has

"nerve." All men have "nerve," but this man has it in perfect control. Nerve-control is the secret of happiness. Don't let your conscience play with you, or your digestive apparatus befuddle you, or your imagination beguile you, or your own peculiar temperament deceive you—be master of yourself.

Remember, your own troubles always seem the greatest. No tale of woe is quite as sad as yours. Destiny has reserved his choice bits of tribulations for you. The gods seem to have an evil eye on you. You were certainly born under an unlucky star. For no matter how much or how well you plan, "things go wrong," and there are days when "everything goes wrong." This is your experience—and your neighbors—and mine. So say we all. There is no trouble like ours! But trouble is not peculiar to any class, calling or profession. Where there's work, there's worry—or the tendency to worry. The captain of the aeroplane, floating through the viewless atmosphere of the skies, has discovered that there are "holes in the air." I imagined that he would be "above" such a thing as "trouble," but he is not. There are no exceptions, we all have our share of circumstantial misfits.

William E. Gladstone, at the heights of his fame, exclaims: "I am leading a dog's life." Dr. Charles F. Deems said that his conception of heaven was "a place where there are no more letters to write." Said Sir James Simpson, the famous English physician: "I am weary for a real jaunt, without a sick patient lying at the end of it." There is no work, place or position in life without its "worries," annoyances, perplexities, anxieties and surprises. Plato said: "If we could examine the heart of a king, we would find it full of scars and black wounds." Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, used to say to his medical students: "Young men, have two pockets, a small pocket and a large pocket; a small pocket for your fees and a large pocket for your annoyances." And this was half a century before every man could own a household medical encyclopaedia and be "his own physician."

Trouble is the universal complaint. Even children have their troubles. Your child is just as much worried about his little tin horn as you are about the grand, square or upright which adorns your drawing room, and one is about as useful or as useless as the other. I presume your boy can get as much music out of his battered trumpet as you can extract from your superb parlor instrument. His trouble is as real as yours. One would imagine that you might see a reflection of your own temperament in the disposition of your child and laughing at his troubles, smile at your own; but no, you are only a child of a larger growth—your troubles are real, your child's imaginary, and so the world moves on.

Consider how many people there are

who carry great burdens and yet keep cool. There is a world of meaning in Emerson's phrase: "Energy is repose." Anybody can get excited, but the man who is sure of himself is the incarnation of composure. Wellington uttered his military behests to his subordinates in a tone which bordered on a whisper. If agitations swept his soul nobody ever knew it. The great man is the man who has become master of himself. When a candle is burning it yields light; when it is sputtering and buzzing it yields smoke. Smoke is wasted illumination. Nervousness is a sign of strength, but it is not strength. "It is a fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion fits; though six men cannot hold him." It took four men to hold Napoleon in his death convulsions. There is a strength which is weakness. Worry has killed many a great man, but it never made a man great. Repose is the master sign of a great soul. Study repose. A man who lived to a great age was asked how he managed to do so. He replied: "I never ran when I could have walked, never walked when I could have stood, never stood when I could have sat, never sat when I could have lain."

Remember that a man's position means more than his occupation. "Temper," said Bishop Watson, "is nine-tenths of religion." It is nine-tenths of everything. Temper is temperament. Your temperament is your way of looking at things. The blind soldier of Liverpool wore a placard on his bosom which read:

Battles	6
Wounds	4
Children	5
Total	15

The music of the soldier's hand-organ always brought a good offering. Sydney Smith, when closing a letter to a friend, remarked: "I have gout, asthma and seven other maladies, but otherwise I am very well." The preacher who announced the hymn: "Count Your Blessings One By One," had a blind man in his congregation who muttered musingly, "I can't do that, I should never get through." There are sightless men who can see and full-orbed mortals who are blind. Roxanna, the wife of Lyman Beecher, had very little to fear when she wrote: " * * * What I fear more than all is my extreme propensity to see every thing in the most favorable point of view, to clothe every object in the brightest colors, to make all nature wear the face of hope and joy."

But we are not all blessed with such sweet and charming dispositions. Would that we were. Robertson of Brighton remarked concerning himself: "Deficiency of hope is the great fault of my character." Large caution and small hope, phrenologically, produce a pessimist. Some folks are never satisfied—never surprised—never pleased—never gratified—never amused—never moved. They are blinded

by the light, chilled by the breeze, tormented by the heat, annoyed by the rain and bored by the world. They are never so happy as when they are absolutely miserable. When they sing, they sigh.

Dr. Samuel Johnson affirmed that the habit of looking on the bright side of life was better than "a thousand pounds a year," and Robert Louis Stevenson, whom "death had by the heels," went a step farther and said: "To be happy is the first step to being pious." God grant us that peace of heart which is described by a gifted writer as "the balance of a thousand forces in that centre of all things—the human soul."

Remember that the body bears a close relationship to the brain. When the brain runs the body, the man is calm; when the body runs the brain, the man is nervous. Carlyle's health gave out when he was writing an essay on the life of Oliver Cromwell and Maurice remarks: "Carlyle believed in God down to the time of Oliver Cromwell." When Dr. J. W. Alexander was asked the question: "Do you enjoy the full assurance of faith?" his answer was: "I think I do, except when the wind is from the east." Drawing an illustration from my own experience, I may say, that when I used to solicit funds for a certain benevolent institution I made it a rule never to ask a man for a subscription when he was hungry. Napoleon, pointing to a certain spot on the map, remarked: "Tomorrow at three o'clock I will have the enemy there, and when I get him there I will defeat him"—so in my financial pilgrimages I always planned to focus my guns at the right man and at the right time. All my experiences led me to believe that I could get more money out of a man after dinner than before. I was an "after dinner" solicitor. A wise man respects his own body. Every ship has a load line. When John Alexander Dowie worked twenty-four hours a day his visions were transformed into hallucinations. Even Christian Scientists must eat and sleep.

When the gods would destroy a man they urge him over the precipice of overwork: "You wrote two books last year—write three books this year," and so the books decrease in quality and the man breaks. One day's rest in seven is a divine regulation and if you do not see fit to avail yourself of the appointed period of recreation at proper intervals, the chances are, you will take your Sundays in a row. When the violinist occupies five minutes tuning up his instrument, the audience grows weary. We like music but we are impatient of the fiddling process which seems to be necessary in order to revamp an instrument over which liquid notes may roll and through which divine vibration may pass exquisitely—but the violinist is sane—his instrument must be kept in tune. The human

body is a marvelous harp of a thousand strings. Keep your physical frame in tune. In tune with the infinite? Yes, but first of all in tune with yourself. Don't kill yourself by overwork. If you can't, you can, and that's an end to it.

Eliminate the things concerning which it is absolutely useless to worry. No man ever gave way beneath the burdens of today—it's tomorrow and its burdens which break the soul. There are two unlucky days—yesterday and tomorrow. The past is gone and gone forever. Tomorrow has not yet arrived. Yesterday and tomorrow are sleeping dogs—let them lie. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Remember that your gravest trouble is always your present trouble; and your present trouble will remain with you until a new trouble arrives. One trouble drives out another trouble, which simply means that one thought can drive out another thought. The troubles which are big today will be little tomorrow. A past generation worried over its sin. The present generation worries over itself. Both generations would have been stronger if occupied with higher thoughts. Remember your present anxious concern, no matter what the subject or object of it may be, will surrender in the presence of a new bogie. Your fears are fooling you. Your imagination is betraying you. You are dealing with a shadow which has no substance. In a week you will have forgotten both the old worry and the new. When somebody insulted James Boswell and anger kindled in his eye and wrath flamed in his face, Dr. Johnson, the fine old English philosopher, expostulated with him saying: "Consider sir, how insignificant this will appear to you twelve months hence!" Put your "worries" in cold storage and study them "in the calm light of" a falling barometer. The ancient philosophers affirmed that there was only one sentence which was absolutely true: it was expressed in these words: "And This Too Shall Pass Away."

Remember, too, that there are first class troubles and second class troubles. If you are going to have worries, have big, large, fine, decent, respectable, aristocratic worries—worries which are worth worrying about. None of your cheap "two for a cent," "four in a box," "three for a quarter," bargain-counter worries. Little people are easily recognizable—they brood over little troubles and hatch out little worries. Rescue life from its littleness. Near the desk of a business friend of mine I found a bill-board of suitable proportions installed, on which the captain of industry had tacked up bits of paper reminding him of "The Ten Most Important Things" on which he was determined to concentrate his mind during the current month. Save yourself for the big propositions. Remember, too, that the great Titanic-troubles of life

come suddenly and without warning. There are icebergs in every sea. A great trouble calms a great soul. It was said of Carlyle that "little troubles annoyed him, but great-troubles calmed him." When the domestic employed by John Stuart Mill, threw the manuscript of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution" into the fire (mistaking it for a mass of greasy waste paper), and the work, toil and labor of three years disappeared in smoke—Carlyle said to his weeping companion: "Be calm, wife, be calm, we must not let Mill know how great our loss is!" There are two kinds of troubles—real and imaginary. Real troubles have to do with Life, Health and Character. "Worries" are the big shadows of little troubles.

Don't carry any burdens which you can engage anybody else to carry. In some supreme moment of inspiration, when, in an eloquent outburst of thought, I forget myself and become dramatic, I might, in the recklessness of my pulpit abandon fall off this sacred ecclesiastical forum, and sustain injuries of a serious nature—but, my friends, I am not worrying about that. I carry an accident policy. I might possibly gain more by floating off the platform than by retaining my equilibrium. It is no concern of mine. Let the insurance company worry about that! That's what I pay them for. Insurance is scientific pre-worry—the only kind of worry which is scientific. If I were not a preacher I would be an insurance agent. They are the most abused benefactors of the race. Heaven bless them! An ounce of foresight is worth a ton of worry—full weight. Oliver Wendell Holmes hit the nail exactly on the top of the thought-dome, when he said: "Don't put your trust in money, but put your money in trust." "If my life depended upon the solving of a problem in two minutes," said a famous mathematician, "I would take one minute of the two in determining how to do it." Foresight—that's the word.

But you say: "Somebody must worry!" If this were not Sunday and I was not a preacher I would call that statement—a fib, a fabrication, a lie, but being a preacher I can simply affirm that your statement is a misstatement and as far from the truth as the Titanic was distant from the Grand Banks of Newfoundland when the field of ice intervened. Somebody must think, somebody must plan, somebody must arrange, somebody must provide: but worry is the opposite of all these. Worry is nerve-fever. Worry is brain-friction. Worry is spinal-confusion. Worry is thought-anarchy. Worry is mind-fright. Worry is spiritual hysterics. When you begin to worry, you cease to think.

The greatest degree that can be conferred is not "D.D." but "D.W."—Don't Worry. Don't worry about your neatly attired children getting dirty. Winnipeg dirt is healthy. Don't

worry about the dust on the piano—dust is absolutely the finest product of the material realm—there's nothing finer. Don't worry about the house being neat when the preacher calls—he is no better than anybody else (albeit he is probably the best mortal who ever crosses your door sill). Don't worry about what your neighbors will think—they are not thinking about you. Don't worry about how you look—only shallow people judge a man by what he has on. Don't worry about your physical frame or bodily health—you may already have outlived your usefulness. Don't worry about your soul—nothing worth saving was ever lost. Don't worry about your reputation—most people know what you are.

It is a psychological fact that you can't laugh and worry at the same time. There are two hundred and fifty muscles in the human face—a ripple of laughter sweeping over the face, sends a wave of relaxation over the entire nervous system. I have a friend, an evangelist, who laughs, regularly, three times a day—mirth reduced to a system. Sir Walter Scott wrote: "I have great respect for a hearty laugh." Lord Byron was lame—he limped and sighed—sad creature! Sir Walter Scott was lame—he limped and laughed. Glad creature! Learn to laugh.

You ought to thank God you have something to be concerned about. Charles Kingsley was dealing out a wise philosophy when he said: "Thank God, every morning, when you get up, that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not." You ought to be willing to bear your share of the world's burdens. Edward Everett Hale, of "Lend A Hand" fame, advised: "If your spirits are low, do something, and if you have been doing something, do something else."

Suppose the very worst should happen, the world would still go on. All things work together for good—for everybody. The Titanic, the best ship ever built, has gone down, but we are to have better ships, better sailors, better life-boats, better sea-captains, better citizens and better millionaires. How Henry Ward Beecher used to worry about the future of Plymouth church. A friend thus described his anxiety: "I recall a conversation I had with him in his own parlor before he took his trip west in 1883. He then spoke about Plymouth church and the strange composition of its membership. 'I believe,' he said, 'we have all denominations in Plymouth church. We have Congregationalists, of course, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, or those who have been, Baptists, and I know not what others. Some from every fold. It saddens me most of all things,' he added, as he had said to so many, 'when I think of what will become of Plymouth church after my departure.'" And yet Plymouth church still lives

and is perhaps doing its best work to-day. Two great men have already been heard from the same sacred platform where Beecher stood—Lyman Abbot and Newell Dwight Hill.

The remedy for the little worries which wear into shreds the fabric of the soul is in the enthronement of certain great thoughts which like the snow-capped heights of Mount Lebanon can be seen from every nook and corner of life's broad domain. We must find what Bishop Wescott described as: "Repose among eternal things," we must pillow our heads on such words as those of the Hebrew poet: "Surely it shall be well with them that fear God." It is easy to die. It is hard to live. The secret of peace is in "the power of an endless life." Remember, the soul is unsinkable.

For life or for death the secret of a mind in perfect equipoise is peaceful relationships to all the powers unseen and spiritual. The church visitor, finding a Scotchman in a city hospital, sick and nigh unto death, tried to comfort the poor fellow by saying: "Well, you have one great comfort, you will soon be in heaven and rid of this poor, afflicted body." The old man looked up and smiled and said, "Heaven! I have been there ten years already." With that inward peace men have lived gloriously, even in haunts of poverty, and died exultantly in spite of pain torture and decreasing strength. The immortal Cervantes, creator of "Don Quixote," died, exclaiming: "Good-bye, humors, good-bye, pleasant fancies; good-bye, merry friends, for I perceive I am dying, in the wish to see you happy in the other life."

I stood in an old English cathedral. The dying glories of the setting sun kindled myriad forms of fiery beauty on every western window. For a thousand years worshipping humanity had stood beneath those arches. Beneath the resounding marble floor there lay the confined dust of bishops, rectors, priests, curate, and choirmasters. One generation after another had come and gone and the shadows of decades, generations and epochs lingered darkly in unfrequented cloisters and silent nooks. And I stood and thought of the meaning of the years. What mighty throngs had gathered here. What slender audiences had sat in loneliness when the enthusiasm of other days had passed away. And there had been broken-hearted priests who had mourned over the sad remnant of other days more glorious and choirmasters whose music had rolled through empty aisles and under echoing arches which canopied but a faithful few—but now all are gone, and memory reigns. These faithful ones sleep well. Their bones rest silently. And centuries have come and gone—are coming and going—Why worry? The clan has become a kingdom, the kingdom an empire, the empire a conquering race and the cross on the flag of a thousand splendid conflicts floats over all and God is in the heavens and all is well on earth. Why worry?

EPIGRAMS BY DR. GORDON

Conscience is the measure of the distance between what you are and what you ought to be.

I am not worrying about my reputation. If it ever gets to be big enough to worry about, I shall be thankful.

Man can afford to indulge in every luxury except that of being satisfied.

He who is not willing to be guided by the rudder shall be broken by the rock.

The world is full of little people—that's the big man's chance.

The judgment of history is the judgment of God.

Even spare moments are moments which we cannot spare.

The only thing left to a preacher to-day is his manhood and his message.

A statesman is a politician who is dead—so it is said.

Treat God like a man and he will treat you like a God.

When we are absolutely sure that a truth is true we call it a truism.

In conversation use the soft pedal.

Beauty is the perfection of form.

If there is a lazy sin, it is the sin of omission.

The grandest moment in a man's life is when he becomes conscious of his soul.

The soul is the birth-place of all those beautiful things created by the imagination. Said Raphael: "I dream dreams and then paint my dreams."

God never inspires one soul at once—alone—separately. When God speaks to the prophet, he speaks to the people.

The greatest inspirations have always come to the race through a human personality. God speaks to the man of God. The man of God speaks to the sons of men.

There is a caution which is cowardice and a folly which is divine. Be true to your inspiration.

The Bible is aglow with the highest type of inspiration known to literary adepts or spiritual experts—it has power to move.

The Bible is an ageless book. It deals with themes which are "from everlasting to everlasting."

The great truths of the Bible are deeper than geology, higher than astronomy, longer than history, vaster than nature, larger than life: nature.

Wonderful book! Wonderful in unity and variety. Wonderful in doctrine and prophecy. Wonderful in the simplicity of its teaching.

What a dead thing is a book if there is no one to read it!

The Bible is the best read book; the most thoroughly studied book. Jesus Christ is its greatest hero; His incarnation its greatest fact; His resurrection its greatest event; His return to earth its most glorious promise; sin its saddest fact; salvation its gladdest fact; sanctification its most glorious prophecy.

Young men may be divided into three classes: those who are fast, those who are steadfast; and those who are stuckfast.

Some men have no need to swear. They have a mean way of saying things which makes an oath unnecessary.

Thought is the breath of the soul—a great thought is an expansion of the spiritual diaphragm.

I have a compassion for the drunkard, a pity for the saloonkeeper, and a contempt for the distiller.

The liquor dealer ought to believe in hell—he is providing a practical demonstration of it on earth.

There are just two seasons of the year when a Christian is expected to toil and labor—"in season and out of season."

Modern Christians may be divided into two classes—those who are trying to spread the gospel, and those who are trying to spread themselves.

Christianity has a great way of superseding itself.

Why do you presume to think that you can understand other people when other people cannot understand you.

It is the divinest sort of luck when a man who is wrong by instinct finds himself, in a great emergency, right by accident.

A ten-dollar bill is one thousand cents in an organized capacity.

We number our employees, but name our children.

The man who is strong within is the man who is strong without.

Every nation is governed by its aristocracy—the men who rise are the men who rule.

Do what you know and you will know what to do.

"Good politics" very often means bad statesmanship.

If you want to lose your health—think much about it.

I have known healthy people who never took a bath.

An idea enthroned becomes an enthroned ideal.

A secret is not safe when it is known by two persons.

Necessary evils are not necessary.

If there is a crack in the foundation, there will be a crack in the wall.

I know a man who can speak four languages, who has nothing to say.

If there is not another life, God stands condemned before the bar of man's conscience.

To spend your time looking for four-leaf clover brings bad luck.

There are two great mysteries—matter and spirit.

In a revolution, the strongest man comes to the front.

There is something wrong when a man's legal right to a dollar is stronger than his moral right to the dollar.

I will not stand in any man's way, or permit any man to stand in my way.

The one empire which will finally control all other empires is the empire of business—Christianize it.

A man may preach on a scriptural subject, select a scriptural text, use scriptural illustrations, and yet not preach the gospel.

What most things lack is quality.

It is easier to be critical than correct.

No organization is stronger than the average strength of the average member.

An interesting speaker thinks faster than his audience.

War may decide a policy, but never a principle.

There are two things which cannot be forced—Faith and Love.

Memory is the literature of the soul.

The clouds are temporary: the sun is eternal.

Scholars search, but scientists experiment.

God always tests a man before he trusts him.

That is the best church which produces the best men.

It is one thing to confess your sinfulness, and quite another thing to confess your sin.

History is a divine sort of moving picture.

It is one thing to awake and another thing to arise.

Means and meanness often walk together.

All that is good in history is good in man.

The church which Jesus established was not an established church.

God has no use for that which is of no use.

Providential men are priceless.

Facts are God's arguments. Events are God's logic.

Great men are men who have overcome great obstacles.

No man is a failure until he has lost his courage.

The battle is the place to make soldiers, not the barracks.

Our actions are written in indelible ink.

It is difficult to conceive anything more mournful than a Godless old age.

The seat of every virtue, as of every vice, is found in the will.

Influence is immortal.

The germ of all things human lies in the family.

The character of Jesus is the miracle of history.



